

THE OBLIGATIONS OF THE AMERICAN YOUTH.

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AN  
ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

EUPHEMIAN AND PHILOMATHEAN

LITERARY SOCIETIES,

OF

ERSKINE COLLEGE,

AT THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT,

AUGUST 10TH, 1853.

BY

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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EUPHEMIAN HALL, AUG. 10TH., 1853.

*Dear Sir,*—The Euphemian Society, having listened with thrilling interest to your masterly speech of this evening—and reading its effects and power in the profound attention of a large and intelligent audience—and being unwilling that such a rare specimen of talent and eloquence should be consigned to oblivion, we respectfully solicit a copy for publication—to lay before an appreciative public. Hoping that you will yield to our request, and ever having an interest in your continued happiness and welfare,

We subscribe ourselves yours, etc.,

J. Y. WEED,  
W. L. PRESSLY,  
W. W. SPENCE.

HON. JNO. M. BRIGHT.

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DUE WEST, AUG. 10TH., 1853.

*Gentlemen;*—I feel highly flattered by the expression of your favourable opinion of the merits of my address. Although prepared under the press of professional engagements, and, doubtless, having many imperfections, I herewith transmit a copy of the same for publication: at the same time invoking the charity of the indulgent reader.

With my best wishes for the prosperity of yourselves and your Society,  
I have the honor to be yours, etc.,

JNO. M. BRIGHT.

MESSRS. WEED, PRESSLY, AND SPENCE.

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## ADDRESS.

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DISTRUSTFUL of our abilities to fill the measure of your expectations, we appear before you to perform the part allotted to us in the celebration of your Annual Festival of Letters. The occasion is fraught with the most lively interest. Age is here with its venerable crown of gray hairs—Middle-age, with its firm and settled vigour—Youth, with its exuberance of life and health—and Woman, with the sunshine of her smile to illumine the whole scene. Fond expectations have mounted, from the parent's breast, to the eye and cheek, and are there blushing, as the soft glow of electric heat upon the distant cloud. Anticipation has gone forth, like a pioneer, into the future, and has carved out a destiny of usefulness and honor, if not of brilliancy and splendor, for each inmate of this Institution. The aged patriot and philanthropist know that their generation will soon pass away, like a broken wave upon the shore, but, before their departure, they would hail the rising generation, looming up, like a wave in their wake, and bearing upon its bosom greater blessings and richer honors. We are all convened, not only to witness the exercises of this intellectual gymnasium, but to give evidence of the weighty interest that is felt for the welfare of our youth. And what an imposing thought!—our youth,

now their country's hope, and soon will be the whole country ! Let them hurry a little, in advance, down the track of time, and take a position on the beetling brow of an imaginary Alps, and view the horizon which duty has marked as a boundary to their field of labor ; and let them view all their tremendous responsibilities and obligations, Intellectual, Social, Civil, Religious and Political, as they swell in their huge proportions before them, and they will not be astonished that parents and preceptors, patriots and philanthropists, are burdened with anxiety in their behalf. And, as they are about to make an impetuous rush from the starting post of life, upon the rough edge of its realities, let them not think it strange if they should hear a friendly voice proclaim : " be strong, and quit yourselves like men."

We are not here to-day to school the gray hairs of experience, nor to discuss the abstruse principles of science, nor to elaborate the subtle theories of the schoolmen ; but we are here to talk, principally, for the benefit of those whose chins are just sprouting for the barber's blade. And we shall strive to be practical, rather than speculative—useful, rather than shining. Our achievement will be complete, to awaken one noble impulse, or to make one of our hearers wiser or better. But we approach the consideration of our theme—THE OBLIGATIONS OF THE AMERICAN YOUTH.

The deeds of the past, though profitable, as monitors, are beyond the touch of a reforming hand. The present is the time for action. That man who lives and does not act, must leave a worthless patrimony to the future : and, when the eyelids of poste-



riety shall open upon his biography, it will all be found written in the category of the poet—

“Creation’s blot, creation’s blank.”

Creation has no use for an unlaboring drone in any part of her vast hive. Man is under the curse of a sweaty brow, and the earth is under the curse of thorns and thistles, which yield dominion only to untiring industry. When we look over the empire of Physical Nature, we see increasing activity in all her departments. Her winds, her fountains and her floods are ever in motion—her stars and planets ever roll—her sun, the monarch of the skies, ever rides upon his blazing chariot of state—and our earth ever treads her diurnal rounds, and, as if this were not motion enough, with a radius of ninety-five millions of miles, she sweeps in annual circumference round the sun, at the rate of more than a million of miles per day. If physical nature does not furnish a sufficient incentive to action, let the laggard spirit turn to the walks of his fellows. At the first glimpse of the gray eye of the morning, the husbandman, with the cheer of song, goes to pursue his rugged toil—the shepherd wakes the welkin with the echoes of his mountain pipe—next the ringing anvil, the forge hammer’s giant blow, the rumbling of machinery, and “the dull thunder of the flail” send their loud reverberations upon his ear.

If these instances will not provoke to action, we, as a last resort, can only invoke the tuition of the humblest of all schoolmasters, and, with the wise man, say, “go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.”

How lamentable the fact that many of our youth, while under college discipline, have displayed the

noble parts of genius, but, in life, through indolence, they have faded from the view, like the rainbow painted on the cloud ; or they have been—

“Like clouds that tint the morning sky  
As bright and yet as transient too.”

They, no doubt, took upon themselves vows for action, and resolutions for usefulness in life ; but their vows were written in water—their resolutions were ropes of sand. They mortgaged their time to sloth, and were doomed to insignificance. But let us hope that each one present, before he wears off his maiden honors of life, conferred by his Alma Mater, will record his vow in diamond, that he will ever fence his ear against the siren song of Ease, and that he will never be found in the lap of this dreaming enchantress, sporting with her garland of poppies. It was patient application that made an uncouth, stammering Demosthenes the Prince of all Orators, and a plodding Copernicus, “the Columbus of the Skies.”

Let no one tell us that he has birth and fortune to sustain him through life : these but heighten his obligations to action, lest the star of his house should wane into the glimmer of the glow-worm, and lest the world, while expecting a luxuriant scion, should only see a *tuft of misletoe*, clinging to the parent trunk.

And let no one tell us, in a tone of despondency, that he has neither birth nor fortune to sustain him, and but little will be expected of him. Away with this fatal delusion ! Despondency will sink you, like a millstone round the neck. Because you may be poor and without the blazonry of a family name, will you be contented to grow in life, like a sickly pond-weed, and then perish in obscurity ? No—cheer up.



The poor are born with as good brains and muscles, and as much to honor as the rich. It may be that the touch of the cold wand of poverty, is the only talisman which can quicken the slumbering genius; and it may be, that it requires the keen winds of adversity to blow up the celestial fire of thought, into a blaze that will illumine the world. Remember that Franklin walked the streets of Philadelphia, a lonely, stranger boy, with no fortune but a loaf of bread under his arm, and a will, unconquered by the frown of adversity; and, yet, his genius soared to the birth place of the storm, and the home of the thunder. He made himself a fame as broad as the heavens, and as solid as the earth. And as long as the thunders roar, he will have his eulogists, and as long as the lightnings play, he will have his garlands.

But in our appeals to stir the youthful blood to action, we would not provoke to rashness. Action may be overstrained, and extremes are unwise. We, therefore, would not have you rush upon the world, with defiance in the eye, and at the first blow, make your weapon fly to splinters in your hand.

We would, also, have you to remember, that hurry is not always speed—and that motion is not always advancement. Therefore, when you launch upon the broad stream of life, keep the current, and do not pursue every visionary scheme into the whirling eddies, where your exertions may be as fruitless as those of a toiling Sisyphus, and every good may elude you as the receding wave of Tantalus. Elect your avocation or profession with deliberation and pursue it with vigour. A well-directed industry will have its reward, and perseverance will at last reach its goal.

Presuming that you are impressed with the force of your general obligation to action, we shall be more special. We first suggest, as a general truth, that the measure of your obligations, will be proportioned to your opportunities for improvement or usefulness.

Then, what are your *intellectual obligations*? Do you want a field of action? It opens before you—stretching from Niagara's thunder to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the neighboring Atlantic to the Golden Gates on the shore of the distant Pacific—with an area of nearly three and one-half millions of square miles, with a population of twenty-five millions, loudly invoking aid to an exalted destiny—with a climate friendly to every intellectual pursuit—and with avocations of every variety to accommodate every taste and genius.

What a boundless harvest invites your sickles! Do you want time? Look at our mighty Car of Commerce, as it climbs the mountain-waves of every Sea, and goes touching at every Island—landing upon every Coast—sweeping every Continent—gathering up the wealth of the Old World, and then bounding back to empty its treasure into the lap of our own Country: then look to our Mechanic Arts, our Manufactures, and our enormous Agriculture, sending forth their streams of wealth, which, all uniting with our Commerce, pour an overflowing flood of abundance through the land. This abundance has purchased for many of our youth entire, and for others partial, exemption from physical labour: and leaving them with a large surplus fund of the thing desired, Time, that much abused revenue of Life, and for the proper improvement of which, the God of Munificence will hold us accountable.



But your obligations enlarge as we proceed. You live under a form of Government, which we believe to be more favourable to general Intellectual development, than any other form. As this is a disputed point, between the respective friends of Republicanism and Monarchy, we invite your attention to an argument to sustain our position :

It was not until about a century after the establishment of the Grecian Republic, that the awful genius of Homer, effulged upon the world, like Creation's Sun, without a dawn—and now, like a sun in meridian splendor, is still shining upon the Republic of Letters.

Soon after, or contemporary with Homer, shone forth Hesiod, his Competitor, with less fire and sublimity, but with more beauty and softness. But when we glance our eye along the firmament of Genius, during the existence of the Athenian Republic, as it were a thousand stars, in poetry, oratory, art, philosophy and history, shoot far above the horizon of mediocrity. There yet shine, in undimmed splendor, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle—Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon—Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides—Æschines, Callistratus and Demosthenes, with hosts of others in the crowded galaxy. Greece, in the days of her Kings, could produce no such an array of illustrious names. But why was her Republic so fruitful in Genius ? All Athens, as it were, was converted into a high-school of learning. Her Philosophers and Masters of Rhetoric taught in the streets, in the workshops, in the groves, in the gardens, and in the porches as well as within the Academies. Her Court of Areopagus was invested “with a tutorial power over



all the youth of the Republic. They appointed them Masters and Governors and superintended their education. They were likewise censors of the manners of the people, and were empowered to punish the idle and disorderly, and reward the diligent and industrious."

Again, by the Athenian laws, children, whose fathers were killed in the battles of their country, were educated at the public expense. During the Republic, the public games and festivals were attended by Poets, Historians, Orators and Philosophers, who brought Genius upon the palæstra, to struggle, with utmost vigor, for the nation's applause. By these trials of skill, knowledge was disseminated through all the States, and the minds of the youth were fired with ambition to attain the highest literary fame. The recital of the history of the Persian Wars by Herodotus, at the public festivals, provoked the noble emulation of Thucydides, who, in turn, transcended the model, in his unrivalled history of the Peloponnesian Wars. Again—the people were entitled to suffrage in the Ecclesia, or Popular Assemblies, where all matters of civil policy were debated, and all the important business of State transacted. This made every citizen a thinking, acting, responsible part of the Republic, and interested in its faithful administration. These assemblies were the fields where Taste displayed its ornament, Wit its brilliancy, Learning its research, Political Science its wisdom, and Eloquence its power.

Our admiration rises to the highest pitch, when we contemplate the power of Demosthenes, upon the threatened Macedonian Invasion. He arises in ma-



jesty and sober grandeur to revive the expiring energies of his country. The virtues and glories of his ancestors—the corruption and treason of demagogues—the stupefaction of the citizens, and the impending ruin cast their inspiring and alarming images upon his mind. We now see the lightning in his eye—his words come blazing from his lips—the very atmosphere about him seems to be on fire, and the throes of a Nation's Genius seem struggling in his soul, which at last burst in thunder peals of eloquence upon the leaden ear of his country, and she arises from her night-mare slumber. We now see the Weak armed with puissance—the Coward panting for the battle's brunt—the Rich running to pour their money into the public treasury—the Dispirited and Divided emboldened and united, and all the “fierce democracy” sweeping to the war, with the Sword of Freedom gleaming before the enemy, as terrible as the lurid banner of electric fire which illumines the pathway of the tornado. It is admitted, by Lord Brougham, that the celebrated oath of Demosthenes, is perhaps the most sublime burst of eloquence on human record.

But, to sum up the whole, under the rule of the Kings, the ensanguined glories of Mars filled the eye of the Greeks—under the Republic, the milder graces of Minerva won the popular favor.

We turn to Rome, “lone mother of dead empires.” It was founded about 750 years before Christ, and was under the government of seven kings 244 years from its founding. During this time the robust diversions of War furnished the principal employment for the people, except, in the reign of Numa, when the temple of Janus was shut. But Education was ne-

glected, and the Cynosure of Learning refused to shine upon fields of blood. At last, stung by the tyranny of Tarquin the Proud, the popular mind was awakened to reflection, and the Tyrant is driven away in a whirlwind of fury. The Commonwealth now begins to rise upon the ruins of the Throne.

The profound sciences of Law and Government next summoned the Intellect to an exercise of its highest powers. The respective merits of the Aristocratic and Republican forms of Government, are subjected to rigid investigation in the fierce contest for power, between the Patricians and Plebians, the Consuls and the Tribunes. These contests lasted about a half century before the Commonwealth was fairly established. The law against intermarriage between Patrician and Plebian was then repealed, and the Plebian became eligible to the highest offices of State. It now became necessary to devise a system of laws that would place Liberty on an equal footing. Ten Commissioners or Decimvirs are appointed for the purpose. After long and assiduous research, they gave to their age and posterity, to their country and the world, the laws of the "Twelve Tables"—indestructible evidences of Republican intellect.

Cicero affirmed that they "contain more wisdom than the libraries of all the Philosophers." Livy, in the Augustan age, said, "they continued to be the source of all our jurisprudence, respecting either public or private affairs." They furnished the great principles which were matured and amplified into the stupendous system of Civil Law, which, in the language of our own Chancellor Kent, "after governing the greatest people in the ancient world, for the space of thir-



teen or fourteen centuries, and undergoing extraordinary vicissitudes, after the fall of the Western Empire, it was revived, admired and studied in Modern Europe, on account of the variety and excellence of its general principles. It is now taught and obeyed, not only in France, Spain, Germany, Holland and Scotland, but in the Islands of the Indian Ocean, and on the banks of the Mississippi and St. Lawrence."

Sir Matthew Hale, an eminent English Jurist, frequently said, "that a man could never understand law as a Science, without first resorting to the Roman Law for information."

Lord Holt, another distinguished English lawyer, admitted "that the laws of all Nations were raised out of the ruins of the Civil Law, and that the principles of the English Law were borrowed from that system, and grounded upon the same reason."

Hence, we find, that Rome, "the Niobe of Nations," as she is poetically described, is not childless—her *reason* yet lives and has fertilized the Jurisprudence of the World. Aye, the *reason of her Republic*, has kept the wing fifteen hundred years, beyond the utmost *flight of her eagles*.

But we revert to the influences exerted to develop the Intellect of the Republic. During its early ages, the people were poor and in debt, and, for a time, had to serve in occasional wars at their own expense; but Education, that cement of a nation's power, was not neglected. Every son was the child of a virtuous mother, who esteemed it the most honorable employment both to instruct her own children and to aid in giving instruction to the children of relatives. Acting upon the principle, that the first colors im-

bibed in the yarn seldom fade, the minds of the youth were shielded by maternal jealousy from the corrupting influences of slaves and domestics.

As the mind could not display its powers from the bulwarks of the Printing-press, and as every son was taught the fundamental lesson of patriotism, that he belonged to his country as well as to himself, and that he should yield an un murmuring submission to the laws, and at all times defend them at the hazard of his life ; in view of these things, he was taught language in its purity and dignity—he was required to commit the laws of the twelve tables to memory—and to engage in mock-trials to acquire skill and confidence in debate—and he was taught that it was a reproach not to be able to defend himself or country, with a well-tempered blade in forensic gladiation.

All honor to the Roman Matrons ! It was to their influence mostly, that the Roman Senate, in the days of Republican purity, was indebted for its impregnable virtue, sublime patriotism and august dignity.

No wonder that Cornelia the mother of the Gracchi, after she had superintended their education, should exclaim, in the acme of maternal pride, “ these are my jewels ! ”

The art of Composition being introduced, and attention being given to Rhetoric, general literature begins a steady and rapid march to excellence.

In Poetry, Ennius, Accius, Nevius, Pacuvius, Plautus, Cecilius and Terence are the first to scale Parnassus, and to rein the bounding steed of the Muses along the comb of the highest ridges.

Lucretius and Varro next stand forth reeking in the elegant flowers of general literature. Sallust and



Cæsar shine on the historic page. Scævola and Sulpitius adorn the forum. And Cato, Crassus, Calvus, Assinius, Cælius, Brutus, Gracchus, and Cicero bathe the Republic in the luminous splendors of elquence. The age of Cicero was the culminating point of the Republican Literature—the period embracing those whom he had seen, but preceding him, and those who had seen him, but surviving him.

The reader of history pauses before the prodigious intellect of Cicero, with higher wonder than the traveller before the base of an Egyptian pyramid. His massive eloquence towered before the Republic, like a huge mountain, which appeared, to the eye of the scholar, with its brow crowned with perpetual verdure and its slopes blooming with clambering flowers: to the eye of the patriot, a “moated battlement” of freedom, and, to the eye of the tyrant, a wild and threatening volcano.

When Treason poured from its loins its fearful brood of Catalines and Antonies, they, in their struggles for the heights of power, loosened the avalanches of Cicero’s eloquence, and were for a time buried beneath the tremendous slides.

But the great Commonwealth had become hollow with corruption, and at last, it gave way beneath the giant tread of a Cæsar, and, as treason rose upon the sinking wreck, it displayed a visage mutilated by the blasts of Cicero’s eloquence, and, like Milton’s prince of fallen angels,

“His face  
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched.”

Learning had acquired such an impetus at the down fall of the Republic, that it rolled its tide down through



the short Dictatorship of Julius Cæsar and the Triumvirate, upon the reign of Augustus, and continued a display of its power, like the ocean, after the winds have ceased to blow. Hence we contend that Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Ovid and Livy, who illustrated the rule of Augustus, were but the noble orphans of the Republic. They were all hers by birth—all hers by education, except Ovid, and, except him, all had been electrified by the eloquence of Brutus and Cicero. Even the taste of Augustus for learning was inspired by the Republic, and if his patronage of letters was the result of his taste, such patronage fairly belonged to republican influence.

But it is supposed that the patronage of Augustus was more a matter of policy than of friendship.

The ghost of Brutus still walked the haunts of Liberty, and the fate of Cæsar warned him of the precarious tenure of his empire. Hence he deceived the Senate with assurances of former republican freedom, and he diverted the public mind from investigating the sources of his power, by an imperial patronage of letters. But towards the close of his reign he banished Ovid, because he wounded his velvet ear by touching an unlucky string of his harp.

This was ominous to learning; for no sooner had Tiberius unfurled the sails of empire, than it found it had only the protection of the pirate's flag.

During the twenty-three years of his reign, not a star graced his court. During the four years of Caligula, liberty and learning alike trembled under his sceptre. During the fourteen years of the stupid Claudius, though affecting a taste for letters, his empire writhed and groaned under the rapacity and misrule

of his heartless favourites, but eloquence was dumb, and poetry was songless.

During the fourteen years of Nero, whose name heads the list of human monsters, Literature, flattered by his inaugural address, upon his accession to the empire, called out Seneca, Lucan and Juvenal, but he procures the murder of Seneca, the preceptor of his youth and the writer of his speeches—he banishes Lucan, after he had borne him upon the swelling tide of his fulsome verse to the height of a Demigod: but Juvenal, with a spirit and independence, worthy of ancient freedom, poured the burning fires of satire over the degeneracy of his age, then, in phrenzy, crashed his harp, and the spirit of Roman poetry was gone! During the eight years of Galba, the three months of Otho and the one year of Vitellius, the gamester and glutton, Pliny the elder, shunning the dangers and corruptions of the Court, became a wandering naturalist. But, during the ten years of Vespasian, learning was more favored, and Pliny the elder and Quintilian, the eminent rhetorician, displayed symptoms of reviving intellect. Quintilian, by his school of Rhetoric, improved but did not reform the eloquence of the forum, although he taught through the two years of Titus and part of the fifteen of Domitian, the last of the twelve Cæsars, from whose Court he retired in disgust—and no wonder, when we are informed, the Emperor “amused himself most of the day catching flies and killing them with a bodkin.” Quintilian left two noble pupils, Tacitus and Pliny the younger, who, with Plutarch, lay comparatively dormant during the reigns of Domitian and Nerva, to burst in splendor upon the more liberal rule of Trajan.



But they were only the splendors of the setting sun, gilding the clouded sky of learning with the refracted rays of expiring genius.

Pliny quits the forum because he could not allay the "foaming filth" of a corrupted eloquence. Tacitus embraces the happy time, in his own language, "rara temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet," to record the lives of the twelve Cæsars, blackened with almost every crime denounced in the decalogue, and to dignify them with a loathsome immortality." Plutarch, after Tacitus had performed his mission, wrote his lives of eminent men to rescue their memory from undistinguished ruin, and to pay the last noble tribute of Roman genius to posterity. We trace the history of Roman Literature no further, as it soon received its death-blow in the reign of Commodus. When we look over the empire, instead of the unquailing veteran of the Republic, we find the mawkish parasite—instead of the fierce lightnings of eloquence, we see nothing but the sickly glow of the marsh-fire, and instead of the thunder of the Senate, we hear nothing but the echo of the tinkling cymbal. But to sum up the whole. The intellect in the Republic was unfettered, and flourished in vigour and health: in the Empire it was in bondage, and languished and died, in an infirmary.

According to Tacitus, "*genius died by the same blow that ended public liberty.*"

After the downfall of the Western Empire learning remained in a state of lethargy about one thousand years. In the transition from barbarism to civilization, different forms of government were established. England and France were bordering on absolute,



Monarchy—Germany and Switzerland were each formed of Confederated Republics, and although nominally under an Emperor, each Republic exercised a municipal sovereignty: and in Italy was the spirited little Republic of Florence. We shall now maintain that the governments which were the most republican in their character, were the most favourable to intellectual development upon the revival of letters.

It is in Florence that we first witness the rekindling fires of genius in Dante, Petrarch, Michiavelli, Michael Angelo and Amerigo Vespucci. The Monastic tombs gave up their relics of Classical Literature, at the bidding of the Florentine Cosmo and Lorenzo d' Medici, and by them was founded the celebrated Medician Library.

By the way—Leo X. also encouraged the revival of learning, but he, as well as his successors, soon discovered that he had only been nourishing a Sampson to wrestle with the pillars of the Vatican, and then, Philistian-like, they turned against such learning as was not either favourable or indifferent to the Church of Rome.

But the public mind, now stimulated by invention, and excited to restless activity, by contact with ancient literature, demands the means of its more ample diffusion—and Germany gives birth to the PRINTING PRESS. The Bible is said to have been the first book printed in movable type—and upon its appearance, the mind is awakened, as if by a trumpet-blast from Heaven, to arm for the battle of religious freedom—and Germany furnishes A LEADER. The Reformation now bursts upon the Papal dominions, and the genius of Martin Luther rides, like a destroying angel, upon

the bosom of the storm, as it sweeps from the Vistula to the Alps, and from the Gulf of Venice to the Baltic. The ancient dykes which confined learning to the Priesthood, are now broken, and the flood pours along the ranks of the Laity, and religion, watered by the stream, strikes its mighty roots into the human heart and stretches its giant arms to Heaven.

We now bend our vision across the Alps to Switzerland, where the mind is free, and from the snow-capped hills, we see the banner of the Apocalypse floating from Zurich in the North to Geneva in the South.

We turn to France—there the press is muzzled, books are burnt, the souls of martyrs are mounting from the flaming faggot up to God—Lefevere and Farel, the champions of religious freedom, are flying before the Papal hosts, and the flag of the Reformation is trailing in the dust. Calvin retreats from Noyon to Geneva, and here he is free. He enters the university, and from this fortress of learning, he points his ordnance—and as the Papal columns recoil before his heavy metal, we have proof of the fact that republican influence furnishes the highest vantage ground for the display of the intellectual powers.

Calvin, here securely entrenched, projects his system of Church Organization and elaborates his “five points” in theology.

Before we leave Geneva, we cannot repress the utterance of our conviction, that it was here that the eaglet of American liberty first spread its wings to the breeze of freedom. It was here that our puritan forefathers first learned the alphabet of human rights, both in Church and State. According to Dean Swift,



upon the cruel persecutions raised against the Protestants under Queen Mary, among great numbers who fled the Kingdom to seek for shelter, several went and resided at Geneva, which is a commonwealth governed without a king, and where the religion contrived by Calvin, is without the order of bishops. When the Protestant faith was restored by Elizabeth, those who fled to Geneva, returned among the rest home to England, and were grown so fond of the government and religion of the place they had left, that they used all possible endeavours to introduce both into their own country. \* \* \* These people called themselves Puritans, as pretending to a purer faith than those of the Church established. And these were the founders of our dissenters." Upon the overthrow of Charles I. the Dean charged it upon them, that they "obtained their wishes of having a government of the people, and a new religion after the manner of Geneva, *without a king, a bishop or a nobleman.*"

Here we have the great American Republic in miniature, so far as the government and its repudiation of a State religion are concerned, drawn by a master hand, long before our Declaration of Independence.

But to pursue our discourse. We find that, while the storm of the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland is sweeping over the dismantled and shattered bulwarks of papal power, England only feels a slight sensation, like that of the distant tread of an earthquake.

Such lukewarmness provokes the fiery zeal of Germany, and she sends learned ambassadors to reason with Henry VIII. and the English bishops.

The King now sanctions the printing and reading of the Bible in English—orders the clergy to teach the people their prayers—and he puts down the monasteries. These things done—the papal see turns loose the thunder of excommunication upon the heretic-king, and the King hurls back the thunder of defiance upon the usurping Pope.

The King stands his ground—and the pæan of “God save the king,” is about to break from freedom’s grateful lips, when the utterance is choked, by his signing the law of “The Six Articles” of religious faith—annexing a penalty, that if any person *spoke, preached or wrote* against the first article, he was “to be burnt without any abjuration,” and to forfeit his estate to the King. Appalling spectacle of the blended despotism of the throne and the altar! Not permitted to *speak, preach or write*!—a literal exemplification of the mind “in triple bondage bound!”

The youthful Edward VI., upon the entreaty of his subjects and the interposition of foreign divines, reforms the letter, but preserves the principle of despotism.

Mary substitutes the Romish in the place of the English creed, and, with Moloch zeal, she pours out a copious libation of martyrs’ blood at the shrine of vengeance—while many of her subjects fly from persecution’s insatiate sword, like frightened doves to the mountains of Switzerland—not there to remain, but to be transformed by freedom’s magic wand, and from thence to return upon the daring plumage of eagles.

Elizabeth reinstates the English creed and the fugitives return; but she imposes the “OATH OF CONFORMITY.” So that we find, that the English Govern-



ment, as it sweeps in fearful vibrations from papacy to the established church, the fettered mind has to move, obedient to the strokes of the mighty pendulum of power.

It was intolerable to the disciples of the Genevan School, to be thus exposed to the cross-fire of the throne and the vatican--of Cæsar and the Pope.

Hence, as Swift informs us, they became "extremely troublesome to the Church and State" under Elizabeth.

And James I. finding that they were daring enough to dispute the prerogatives of the Crown, and knowing that the superstition of the people had often proved the security of the despot, endeavoured to enforce the conviction that an assault upon the throne, was nothing but a declaration of war against the sovereignty of Heaven. But failing to inoculate the Puritans with the heresy of the divine right of kings, he drops his baffled crook of reason, and again the sword of persecution is sent, like a devouring pestilence, into their midst.

A number of them are driven, as it were, to the stormy heights of a political Terra Del Fuego, and there, with an eye floating in tears, they take a last, lingering, farewell-look at the father-land, and then, trusting themselves to the God of the wind and the wave,

"Like Israel's host to exile driven,  
Across the flood the pilgrims fled;  
Their hands bore up the ark of Heaven,  
And Heaven their trusting footsteps led,  
'Till on these savage shores they trod,  
And won the wilderness for God."

But a number of Puritans remained in England, and seemed to spring in greater numbers from the heel of

oppression. The cause of this, (though she did not desire the effect) we pass to the credit of England. *She permitted the printing and reading of the Bible.*

This was the only crevice left in her wall of despotism, and it was through this portal that struggling freedom at last entered, like another Trojan horse, to fly asunder and display the grand tragedy of the English government in the reign of Charles I.

After the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, Charles II. was permitted to resume the Monarchy, upon the faith of his royal pledge to guaranty religious toleration; but no sooner was he securely entrenched in power, than he signed the "Uniformity Act"—(commonly called the "Bartholemew Act,") which required amongst other things, that all ministers, and public and private teachers should subscribe a declaration that they would conform to the Liturgy—that they would not endeavour any change or alteration of government in Church or State, and further, that every one should be ordained a priest by the established Church, before he should hold any benefice or administer the Lord's Supper.

And thus about two thousand dissenting ministers, who could not martyr their consciences, were ejected from the bosom of the Church, and driven, with all their piety and learning, into private life, and amongst the number, were Manton and Howe, Baxter and Flavel—names that will ever shine bright and stainless as the stars.

In this manner the established Church was nailed, as a yoke, upon the neck of religious freedom—and so remains to this good day, except the concessions to dissenters, in the reign of William and Mary.



We assail the tenets of no religion; but we reprobate the action of that government which regards one portion of its subjects as children and another as aliens—bequeathing a full patrimony to one, and disinheriting another with a shilling—promoting one to the dignity of a spiritual lord, and spiritually *lording* it over another.

And although the monarch may plead that he sanctioned the established Church to fence his kingdom against the vaulting ambition of the Pope, yet, to the dissenters, it was only a pretence, as specious and deceitful, as that of *Jacob's voice with Esau's hands*. If the free investigation, and the teachings and influences of the sublime truths of religion would encourage a general development of the intellectual powers of a nation, we have shown that the facilities for a full accomplishment of such an object, would not spring from the partial husbandry of the English government. In further support of our argument, the fact of the recent passage of the bill, through the British House of Commons, in relation to the clergy reserves of public lands in Canada, is evidence of an abandonment of the principle of a State Religion. Lord John Russell, late Prime Minister of the Crown, now the leader in the House of Commons, is reported to have declared that, while he advocated the Church establishment in England on the ground of expediency and settled practice, he would not favour such an establishment in Canada.

That England has produced many great intellectual men, and that her annals are adorned with many splendid specimens of literature, we freely admit. But, while we make the admission, we shall maintain that

the *general* intellectual development of the nation, falls far short of what it might have been, under other circumstances.

It should be remembered that England is old, and claims to be overgrown with the moss of antiquity, and although she displays a long list of literati, the list is short in proportion to the duration of the government. For many centuries her Commonalty were degraded in mind and body by vassalage to the feudal system, and her learning was confined, in a great measure, to the clergy, and encumbered with the swaddling bands of the Aristotlean philosophy. Hence, when Roger Bacon arose, about the middle of the thirteenth century, with a new system, he was persecuted as a magician, by the ignorance of his age.

The venerable University of Oxford was, perhaps, founded in the ninth century, yet, in the fifteenth, it could only boast a library of 600 volumes.

Her contemporary scholars in the reign of Henry VIII. fell far below Luther and Melancthon, Erasmus and Xwingle. We know that Henry VIII. arrogated some scholastic importance, and wrote a book against Luther; but in his effort to blow out this fire-brand of the Reformation, he only got his face full of *sparks* for his trouble. He however yielded the palm to German learning, by importing Erasmus to fill the chair of the Greek professorship in Cambridge.

But when we bend our ear to the reign of Elizabeth, we catch the sound of the "enchanted horn" of Shakspeare's genius, and as the circling echo spreads, we see all the powers of nature springing into a new creation, like the dry bones from the valley of vision. And yet, while he built for his fame,



“A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,  
And razure of oblivion.”

he himself rose only to the dignity of a second-rate stage actor!—and, according to Johnson, the English people were satisfied forty-one years with only two editions of his works, which together did not make one thousand copies!

And there, too, is Milton, next to Isaiah in heavenly sublimity! and there is *Paradise Lost*, precious as a world of chrysolite to posterity, but to his age, worth only ten pounds in two instalments! In what a trance would England now be bound, if she could again hear her lyre responding to the sweep of the fiery wing of Milton's Muse! And how does her modern genius pale before his unfolded grandeur! Wordsworth felt the truth, when he exclaimed,

“Milton thou shouldst be living at this hour,  
\* \* \* \* \* Return to us again,  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart—  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.”

When England boasts of Milton, let her remember that he was once her neglected, blind *republican and puritan*, and that she burnt part of his political tracts, lest they should roll with the majesty of heaven's thunder over her kingdom.

Such was the patrician character of English learning, in the time of Sir Isaac Newton, and while he was Professor in Cambridge, that he delivered his lectures on Optics in Latin. Lord Camden gives us to understand that Bacon, Newton, Milton and Locke did not write for gain or the applause of their age; they knew “that the real price of their works was immortality and that posterity would pay it.” About the

time of these great writers, McCauley informs us that "literature and science were in the academical system of England, surrounded with pomp, armed with magistracy, and allied with all the most august institutions of the State." And he might have added, that, in this manner, it was patented to the clergy, the nobility and opulent gentry.

But England has not only been a jealous patron, but a persecutor of the printing press—that mighty machine which is to draw the world from the dominion of despotism and ignorance to freedom and intelligence. First under the Proscription of the Star Chamber and then under the Censorship of Parliament, its locks of strength were kept closely shorne, until the reign of Queen Ann, when more toleration was granted, and journalism began to flourish. Then it was that Addison, Swift, Steel, and Bolinbroke came to the press, and learning began to fall, like showers of gold dust, and the nation started into intellectual activity.

Growing bold from toleration, in the early part of the eighteenth century, the press ventured a shaft at the misrule of Parliament, and the offended power rose for battle, like the arch fiend, at the touch of Ithuriel's spear. Then down came a heavy tax on all journals and pamphlets—and presses began to fall, the Spectator amongst the rest, like shooting meteors. At different periods, during the whole of the eighteenth century, journalists were not only *finéd* but they were imprisoned with criminals, whipped in public places, confined in the pillory, branded and even hung.

And in the nineteenth century, the six laws, of which Lord Castlereagh was the hero, peopled the prisons with writers, and compelled Cobbett to fly to



the United States. Nineteen laws are said to have been passed by Parliament, besides the assertion of the invincible authority of the common law, to keep the press in submission: and, even at this time, the English stamp duty rests upon it, like an incubus; and although it seems to speak with freedom it is a matter of toleration, and not of right. Let the English presses give umbrage to power, and its iron heel would crush them as a brood of vipers. Under these restraints, there are only about six hundred and twenty presses, in all Great Britain—while there are about twenty-five hundred in the United States.

Again—when the aspiring sons of the English peasantry would start for the highest posts of honor in the government, they find the avenues crowded by privileged orders, and many of them shrink from the unequal competition, or content themselves to float as moats in the sunshine of the rich and the noble.

Again—Great Britain, with a population of about 30,000,000, collects an annual tax of about \$250,000,000 for the support of the government, and thus the means for education are not only sequestered, but the bread snatched between the hand and the mouth of many a starving subject.

It is true that the government, with a prodigality equal to its rapacity, lavishes much of its large income upon the official dignitaries, who are thus enabled to educate their own children, and, through favour, occasionally to assist the child of an humble relative to an education, and thus open his way to distinction.

But to bring this matter home. The whole of the growth, produce and manufacture of the United States (with a population nearly equal to that of Great

Britain) exported to foreign countries, during the fiscal year, ending 30th June, 1851, amounted to \$196,689,718—add to this, say \$50,000,000, for the support of our government, and the aggregate falls short of the annual British tax.

Suppose that our toiling millions, after paying \$50,000,000 for the support of our government, were deprived of the whole income from all the Cotton, Rice, Tobacco, Breadstuffs—in short of every other product or manufacture, exported to foreign countries, what would become of our education? Four-fifths of our Academies and Colleges would instantly fall before the dreadful shock—others, from a failing patronage, like a running quicksand, would gradually sink, and the remaining few, standing upon a granite base, would inure by prescriptive right to the rich—while the poor and those of moderate means, would be either doomed to ignorance, or confined to the tread-wheel of perpetual labour. This we conceive to be but a true picture of the condition of Great Britain. Her champions of reform have seen it—and the eloquence of her Cobdens is now shaking the realm in behalf of popular education. Although the genius of her favoured few, like a lofty tower, lifts its head to the “eternal sunshine,” the majority of her peasantry are “like clouds and darkness round the base.”

Without reform she is at her best—and she will not relax her grasp on the expensive splendors of royalty, only finger by finger, to the importunate wrestlings of her commonalty—for she knows that whenever she displays an equal and open-handed liberality, her patented and hereditary nobility will fade like a dissolving scene.



We flatter ourself, that in reviewing the progress of mind, we have sustained our position, that Republican influence is the most favourable to general intellectual development ; if so, with what irresistible force do the intellectual obligations rush upon the American Youth !

Here we have freedom of thought, which is the nourishment and invigorating exercise of the mind—freedom of conscience, which is the moral sovereign of the soul and which is continually thundering its behests of individual responsibility and duty—freedom of speech, which is the mother of the lightnings and splendors of eloquence—freedom of the press, which is daily sending out millions of heralds flying upon wings of light, to illumine every cottage with a smile of intelligence, and to pursue the tide of Western emigration, as it threads the dark aisles of the primeval forests—freedom of self-government, which expands the mind to the outlines of the “general welfare” of the present, and to the wants and expectations of the future.

And here we have copy-rights and patents secured to authors and inventors, filling the ink-horn of the one that he may go on and swell the field of useful authorship, and replenishing the lamp of the other that he may penetrate still further into the dark labyrinths of nature, in search of more of her hidden treasures. And here we have no orphan children left without the means of education, by the forfeiture of estate, upon the attainder of the parent—no law of primogeniture, with its invidious distinctions, making one member of the family a gentleman of fortune, and leaving the others poverty-ridden drudges and with-

out leisure for mental improvement—no huge standing army swallowing up our disposable population, and encircling the arts of peace in its dragon coils, and inspiring the conviction, that our youth can climb to glory only along a crimson path—no enormous taxation, drawing in the fruits of a nation's industry, like a Norwegian maelstrom, and leaving the peasantry in a strain of physical labour to eke out a scanty subsistence: and let me felicitate our youth, that our country throws open wide all her doors of honor and trust, alike to the rich and the poor, and ever holds in her extended hand, laurels trembling for the brow of merit. And, as the crowning incentive of our country appeals to your INTELLIGENCE, and embraces this as one of her PILLARS of support, and clings to it with the faith of the martyr upon the horns of the altar. All the influences are turned loose upon us to arouse the intellect, like the winds of heaven upon the slumbering ocean, to roll up its liquid mountains to the skies. And who does not exclaim, in the language of William Tell,

“Blow on! This is the land of liberty!”

But it may be inquired where are our Miltons, Bacons and Newtons, and where our La Place, our Kepler, and our Leibnitz? Let it be remembered that we are just born as a nation. But yesterday, as it were, only a handful of Pilgrims landed upon our coast with a wilderness before them, which, it seemed, would have stood invincible for centuries against the physical labour of a world. And while our population has been employed in cutting ten thousand mighty gores into the old forests, and preparing the soil for a fruitful agriculture, it could not be expected



that we should have sprung, at one bound, into a splendid literary existence. Yet, in proportion to our national duration, our mental progress has been unprecedented.

In our struggles for an independant government, the triumphs of our *tongue and pen* were not surpassed by the achievements of our *sword*.

Our Quincies, our Franklins, our Madisons, our Hamiltons, our Jeffersons, our Jays, our Lees, our Randolphs, our Ames, and our Henry's emerged from our forests, like a race of intellectual giants, to shake the world with their power.

When did a more brilliant thunderbolt of eloquence leap from the sky of modern genius, than our PATRICK HENRY? Where does such a diamond column rise before the eye of posterity, as our DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, the imperishable monument of THOMAS JEFFERSON?

Where did political science ever outbuild such a pyramid of human wisdom, as the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION? And where has the lever of practical science been applied with more effect, than in our own country? Whenever we see our rail-cars flying, like fiery centaurs, over their iron paths—and whenever we see our great vessels of commerce, driven by the potent arm of steam, like mighty shuttles, across the seas and oceans of the world, and weaving a web of national prosperity, who does not accord undying honors to our FULTON?

And when we see intelligence flying at the rate of two hundred thousand miles per second over the telegraphic wire, who does not say that MORSE has distanced the world of modern invention? Every great

department of industry is alive with the wonders of American invention. From the report of our Commissioner of Patents, in 1847, there were fifteen hundred and thirty-one applications for patents—and from the report, in 1851, there were nineteen hundred and fifty-five applications—showing an increase of about thirty-three per cent. per annum. This looks like our inventive genius had thrown itself, like a net over the whole face of nature, and every latent power that moves is fastened in its meshes. There are no contemporaries who have wielded the *styles* of the historic Muse, with more dignity and eloquence, than our Prescott and Bancroft. Modern Europe can produce no trio of statesmen, who will outweigh and make our CALHOUN, CLAY and WEBSTER “kick the beam.” Immortal men! The fame of each will stand as a Gibraltar against the surging waves of Time.

But while we have much admirable literature, we live in a telegraphic age, and we have authors who write with the haste of those in the days of Horace, “*stans pede in uno*,” and who are throwing off a map of light literature, to be devoured in our hotels, rail-cars, steamboats and drawing-rooms. It is supposed that there are about five thousand editions of novels issued from the American press every year. No one reads them a second time—and no one is improved, *in head or heart*, by pondering over scenes of fictitious misery, or gazing upon the gorgeous painting of unreal prosperity. If their authors would burn them, as the Ephesians, of old, burnt their books of magic, the Republic of Letters would be rid of at least two of Pharaoh’s plagues, “*flies and darkness*.”



To change the figure—let us tear away the false curls and meretricious ornaments from the “honored front” of genuine learning—and let every writer strive to pluck his quill from the wing of Immortality and stamp his volume with the seal of everlasting Truth. Let our education become as pure and diffusive as the sun, and let us remember that our increasing opportunities challenge our highest effort, and demand the most brilliant intellectual career.

A suggestion as to your RELIGIOUS OBLIGATIONS.

Morality is beautiful, but without the authority of Religion, it is a picture without life. The influence of religion upon the mind is the most ennobling. All its capacious powers are required to grapple with the Divine Government and the infinite attributes of God—his eternity, his omnipotence, his omniscience, his justice, his mercy, his holiness, his goodness, his truth. Religion teaches us the great science of right and wrong—of love and purity. It imparts a celestial hue to every relation in life—chrystalizes all our affections—asserts the dignity of the soul, and unlocks to its view, visions of eternal day. It is religion that is to crown the nations with the olive boughs of Peace—to light up the world with the radiant glories of Brotherhood and Love—and to encircle our race with an encampment of angels.

If governments would learn to temper justice with mercy, let them open the Bible, and there they will see JUSTICE, standing on the burning Mount of Sinai, “grasping ten thousand thunders,” and, on the other hand, they may see MERCY, on the summit of Calvary, lift her ample shield to ward off the bolts as they come flying at the rebellion of a trembling world.

The condition of the moral world, without religion, could not be better illustrated, than by its analogy to the scene on that memorable occasion, when the SUN gathered up his beams, and darkness spread abroad her raven wings—when the rocks were rent, the earth was torn with convulsions, and the awe-struck universe witnessed the CRUCIFIXION OF THE SON OF GOD.

It is RELIGION which is to give the moral world its revolutions for God. Then, whether it is your lot to move in the private sphere of life, or to revolve in the higher orbits of State, give your influence to Religion.

Remember that the first act of our Puritan forefathers, after they sprang from the Mayflower, was to bend the knee and consecrate the land to God. Remember that WASHINGTON, ever called upon the God of battles, to enable him to roll the tide of war. And remember an incident, the most touching and sublime, said to be connected with the history of the Convention, called to devise our system of government. A Committee were appointed to draft and report a plan, but sectional jealousy prevented unanimity. Their wisdom, at last, reached its end, and they asked to be discharged from the further consideration of the matter. Upon this announcement, the venerable Franklin, with faith and hope still beaming in his eye, arose and stated in substance, that they had gone to all the governments of antiquity *for light*—they had gone to all the nations of Modern Europe *for light*—they had explored the whole firmament of human wisdom *for light*, but now let us go to the *Father of Light*, and success will yet crown our efforts. He then moved the appointment of a Chaplain, and that he be requested to meet



with them the next morning, and that, until that time, the Convention stand adjourned.

After an anxious night the morning came, like an angel, with a thousand smiles upon its face. The Convention met, and the man of God was in their midst. He commenced his task like a wrestling Jacob, but soon his soul began to glow with the fires of the seraphim—his faith went out “like the chariots of Aminnadib,” and the influence of Heaven fell upon the Convention, like strains from the harp of David, upon the troubled billows of the soul. The lowering clouds that darkened their deliberations fled, and the American Constitution, sanctified, as it were, by the imposition of the hand of God himself, was the grand consummation of their work.

Remember that we can never grow so great, as a nation, as to become independent of the Creator.

Again—let our youth ever be imbued with a spirit of religious toleration. Whenever Religion stands out in the panoply of secular power, bigotry unchains her furies. Open a fair field for discussion, and let newborn or hoary error, and ecclesiastical infallibility enter the list against the immortality of truth, and we do not fear the result of the contest.

Truth will be protected like Daniel in the lion’s den, or the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, and it will arise, uncrushed, beneath mountains of power.

And now a word as to your political obligations and we are done.

If our Republic is doomed to fall, it will be found, that it nourished the elements of destruction within itself. Then beware of the venal demagogue, whose soul has been desolated with the fires of ambition, and

who heads the *chain-gang* of faction, that he may, at a chosen crisis, turn them loose, and from their riot, mount to power. Whenever faction begins to blacken over the land, look out, and you may see it, like Ossian's storm-cloud, "edged round with lightnings;" and then is the time for you to pierce it with your influence, as a conductor, to draw off the fatal fluid.

Again—remember that there is a marked difference between liberty and licentiousness.

Rational liberty will ever bear the restraints of law and order, but licentiousness, like a crater in the bosom of the country, will ever spread the lava of ruin over all the fair plans of life, liberty and happiness.

It is supposed by some that the Epicurean Philosophy was the prolific parent of licentiousness in Greece and Rome. But here we have the Christian Religion, which has long since sealed the stone on the mouth of the sepulchre of this exploded philosophy.

Therefore, with Religion, our country may ever stand, armed in adamant, against this ancient foe to liberty. Let our youth ever hold up VIRTUE as a shield to the HEART, and INTELLIGENCE as a helmet to the HEAD of our nation, and its vital parts will remain secure to the end of time.

If we will but discharge our obligations, what a splendid destiny is before us! Our country is already great—ocean-bound—with one hundred millions of acres that have never been pressed by the foot of the white man. Our population is spreading out, like the morning, upon the West. Freedom here shines, like a globe of light, before the prostrate of the earth, to guide them to a land where the horn of Plenty is never empty, and where every footfall gives out the sound of liberty.



But if true to our trust, in these we only see

“The baby figures of the giant mass  
Of things to come.”

Our population is, perhaps, doubling itself every twenty-five years, and our government, unlike all others, unweakened by expansion, is rapidly throwing its elastic bands over State after State, and in a few centuries, our vast territory will be alive and burdened with organized freemen: And then, like a welcome tide, it will overflow the territory, in successive contiguity, until the whole Western Hemisphere shall become the home of freedom, and all its islands shall stand as its girdle of sentinels.

And then Europe could no more stay the progress of American liberty, than Xerxes, with his impotent chastisement, could subdue the indignant waves of the Hellespont. Our destiny is not only to balance the power, but to send out a moral influence that will shake the iron crown from the palsied brow of European monarchy.

But it is too often the case that we do not appreciate the magnitude of our blessings, until they are gone. And shall it ever come to pass, that America will sell her political birthright for a trifle, and become proverbial as the Esau of Nations! What a tenfold vengeance will posterity pour upon the memory of the age, that shall send American liberty, an outcast—a weeping orphan upon the world!

Could we but see our Republic under the scourge of civil war, exhausted with fraternal butchery, and at last falling, with its tremendous carcass, stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific: then could we but see the vultures of ambition, in wheeling clouds above,

now descending, and with beak and talon rending the prey, limb by limb, and over each sundered part, hundreds engaged in harpy struggles for the prize: then could we but see the stars and stripes, which had proudly floated over the head of every foe, torn into a thousand shreds and stained with blood—and our eagle of liberty stricken through the heart and lying bare, and its noble plumage scattered to the winds: and then could we but hear Anarchy give its madman shout of triumph, and foreign Despotism, with ruffian-delight, send the exclamation, like a barbed arrow through the soul, “*the fate of all republics!*”—And then, in contrast, could we but see our former prosperity, burst in its full and smiling life before us—we might and *would* appreciate the PRICELESS VALUE of our national blessings, and we would rush, with expanded arms, to embrace the amiable vision and bind it with rapture to our hearts.

If the *vision* of lost joys and blessings would be thus dear to us, how unspeakably dearer should be the *reality*, which we now enjoy in full fruition!

Then let our Youth feel that they are under eternal obligations to throw their influence, as a *wall of fire*, round the institutions of their country. But to draw all your obligations into one burning focal point, go on and add industry to genius—eloquence to wisdom—elegance to learning—urbanity to manners—purity to religion—patriotism to liberty—and strength to our government, until we shall stand out before the world, A NATION OF SCHOLARS, A NATION OF PATRIOTS, A NATION OF CHRISTIANS; “WITH LENGTH OF DAYS IN HER RIGHT



HAND AND IN HER LEFT HAND RICHES  
AND HONOR."

Young Gentlemen, we can add nothing more, than  
to wish you all a sunny start in life, and a rich harvest  
of honor in your old age.

By request of the Author the following notice is appended:

“ERSKINE COLLEGE.”

In the fall of 1835, the founders of Erskine College, after much reflection and consultation, resolved to establish at Due West Corner, S. C., an Institution of Learning, which would afford opportunities for pursuing those studies which are usually taught in Academies and Colleges. Measures were immediately taken for the accomplishment of their purpose. In 1836 the Institution was organised. During the first four years of its existence it was confined to the simple object of fitting young men for College.

In the fall of 1839, a resolution was taken to give the Institution a collegiate form, and to extend the course of instruction so as to make it comprehend those studies which appropriately belong to Colleges. Arrangements were at once made for carrying this resolution into effect. Three instructors were chosen, a course of study was adopted, and the individuals to whom were entrusted the instruction and government of the Institution, entered immediately upon the discharge of the duties of their office.

Since that time it has been in successful operation. Five instructors are now employed, convenient and tasteful buildings have been erected, the Literary Societies of the Institution have done much in furnishing their halls and forming their libraries, to which they are making annual additions.

In addition to a Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus, the College is in possession of superior Astronomical Instruments. An excellent Equatorial Acromatic Refracting Telescope and a convenient Comet Seeker offer rational gratification to the Student and the means of widening his field of knowledge.

Access to the Institution is convenient by the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, which passes within four miles of the Village.